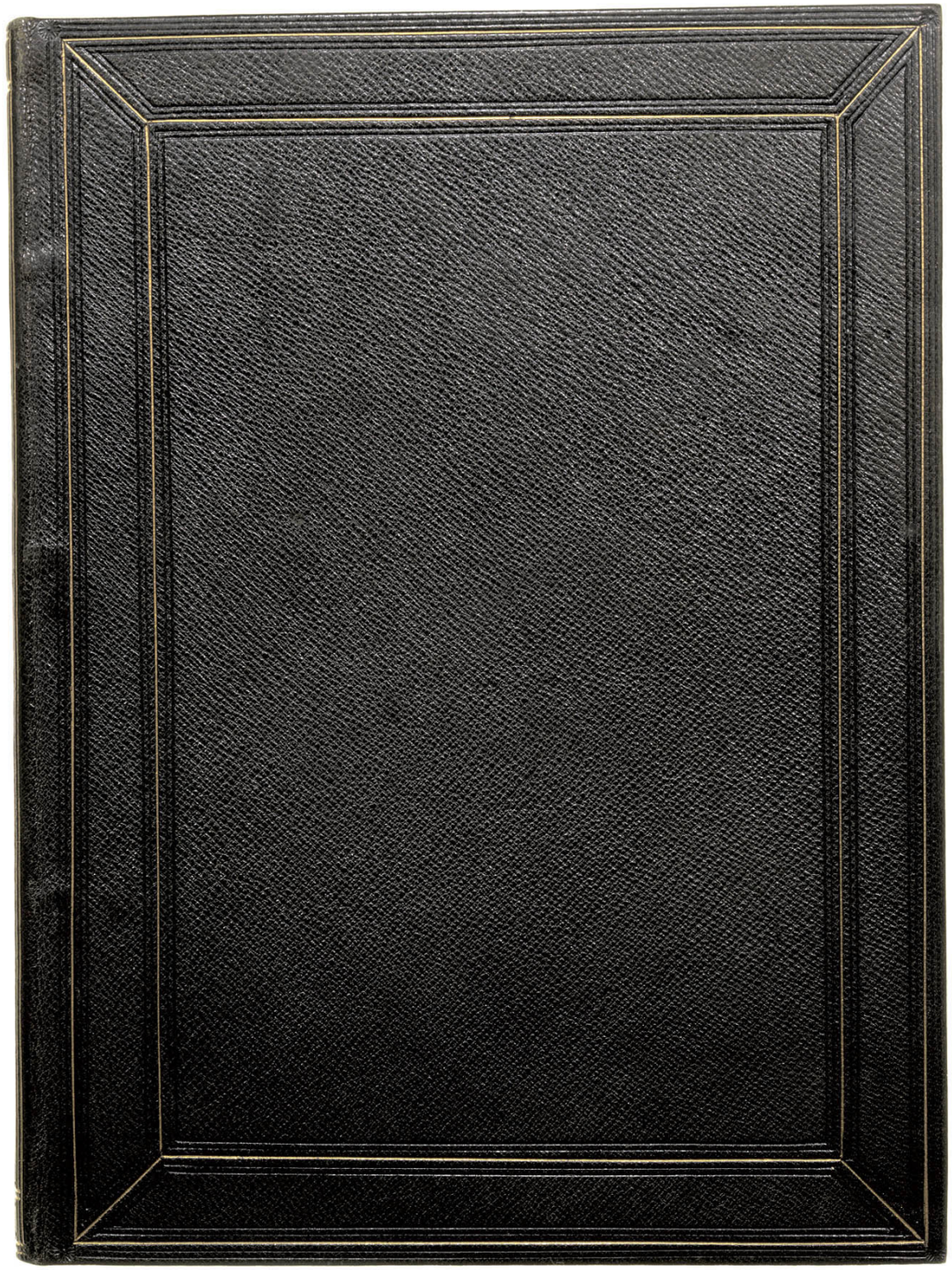

BOUND BY C. MURTON

JA 3718

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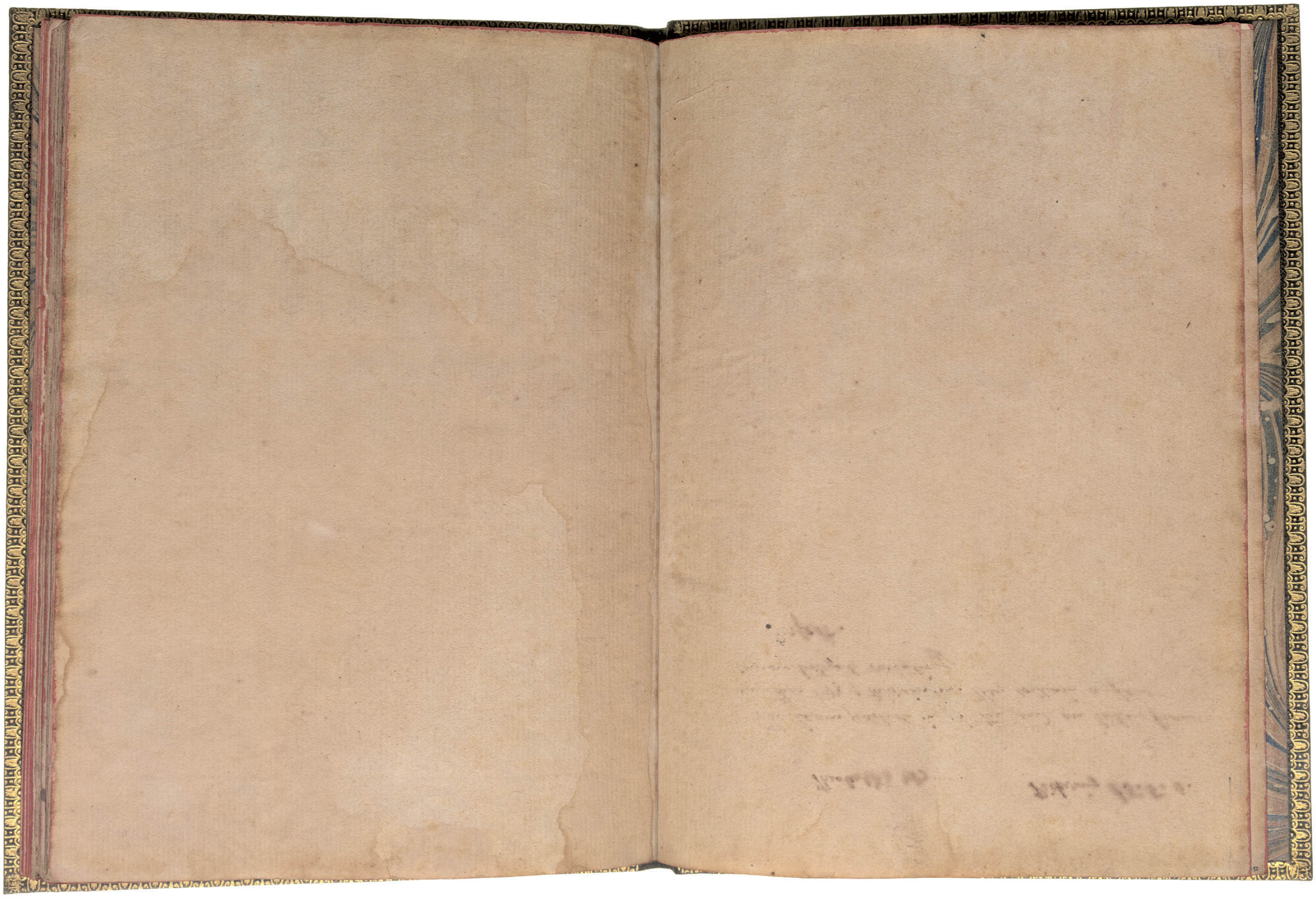
Theobald's copy. Pickering £5.5.0.

The leaves pasted in at the end are taken from another copy of this edition. They contain a few curious textual variations.

Perfect.



THE LATE,

And much admired Play,

CALLED

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole History, aduentures, and fortunes of the sayd Prince:

Written by WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

Collated wth an Old Edition, exactly wth the same Title, printed for A.P. 1619.

L. Theobald.

Inaccurate

Inaccurate

LONDON,

Printed by *I. N.* for *R. B.* and are to be sould at his shop in *Cheapside*, at the signe of the *Bible*. 1630.

Collated also wth another Old Edition wth this Title;

The late & much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures, & fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no lesse strange, & worthy Accidents, in the Birth & Life of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers & sundry times acted by his Majesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, & are to be sold at the Signe of the Swan in Pater-noster row, &c 1609.

L: Theobald

The History Of Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

TO sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes, ancient *Gower* is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and please your eies;
It hath beene sung at Festiuals,
On Ember eues, and holy-daies
And Lords and Ladies in their liues,
Haue read it for restoratiues:
The purchase is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in these latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes:
And that to heare an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and might
Waste it for you like Taper-light.
This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built vp this City for his chiefest seate;
The fairest in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors say:
This King vnto him tooke a peere,
Who died, and left a female heire,
So bucksome, blithe, and full of face,

1609
1609
1609 1619
that
1609 1619

As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to incest did prouoke:
Bad child, worse father, to entice his owne
To euill should be done by none:
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long vse, accounted no sinne.
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To seeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still and men in awe,
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do testifie.
What ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.
Per I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
with the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.
Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himselfe;
At whose conception till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her this best perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her though the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men

Her face the booke of praises, were as read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were euer rackt, and testy wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.
You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue,
That haue enaflm'd desire in my brest,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
[Or die in the aduenture] be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.
Anti. Prince *Pericles.*
Per. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.
Ant. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like dragons here affright thee hard,
Her face like heauen, intices thee to view
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine;
And which without desert because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,
Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of starres,
Heere they stand martyrs, slaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheekes aduise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.
Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortallity to know itselfe,
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembred, should be like a Myrrour
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it error:
Ile make my will then, and as sicke men do,
Who know the world, see heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should do.

My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnſuppoſed fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow [*Antiochus*]
Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhall bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou proue proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee hapineſſe.
Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aſke aduice of any other thought,
But faithfullneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breede:
I ſought a husband in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Childe:
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue, reſolue it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countles eyes to view mens acts,
Why cloud they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes mee pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the Gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at ſo harſh a chime:

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Anti, Prince *Pericles,* touch not vpon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As daugerous as the reſt your times expirde
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.
Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to acte,
T, would braid your ſelfe too meane for me to tell it:
Who hath a booke of all that Monarchs do,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhewne:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes duſt in others eies, to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eies ſee cleare.
To ſtop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole caſt
Copt hils toward heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore worme doth die for't
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if I*oue* ſtray, who dares ſay, I*oue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe to ſmother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my head.
Ant. Heauen that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre,*
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſ- interpreing,
We might proceed to counſel of your daies;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree,
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe:
Forty daies longer we do reſpite you;
If by which time our ſecret be vndone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee'l ioy in ſuch a ſonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit*

Manet Pericle ſolus.

Per. How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,

When

When what is done is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:
Where now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely claspings with your childe,
(Which pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poyson breed.
Antioch farewell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne [I know] another doth prouoke:
Murders as neere to lust, as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Not tell the world, *Antioch* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner,
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie,
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard* you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your secresie; and for your faithfulnesse
We will aduance you *Thaiard*;

Behold,

Behold, heer's poyson and heer's gold,
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue, flye after, and like an arrow shot from a well experient Archer hitts the marke his eye doth leuell it: so do thou never returne, vnlesse thou say, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length, Ile make him sure enough: so farewell to your highnesse.

Ant. *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Exit.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none disturbe vs:
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me so vsed, a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where griefe should sleepe, can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feard, is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neuer pleasures art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the other distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that passions of the minde,
That hane their first conception by mis-dread,
Haue after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since

Since hee's so great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me speaking, though I swcare to silence,
Nor bootes it mee to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.
And what may make him blush in being knowne,
With hostile forces hee'l orespread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state;
Our men bee vanquisht, ere they do resist,
And subiects punisht that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pity of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the toppes of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Make both my body pine, and my soule languish,
And punnish that before that he would punish.
1. *Lord* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.
2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.
Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the Bellowes blowes vp sin,
The thing the which is flattered but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heart and strouger growing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior sooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, and makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.
Per. All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-looke
What shipping and what lading in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs: *Hellicanus* thou hast
Moou'd vs: what seest thou in our lookes?
Hell. An angry brow dread Lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nourishment?
Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from thee.
Hell. I haue grouud the axe my selfe,
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, pret bee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings should let their eates heare their faults hid,
Fit Councellor aud seruant for a Prince,
who by thy wisedome makes a Prince thy seruant,
what wouldst thou haue me do?
Hell. To beare with patience such griefes,
As your selfe do lay vpon your selfe,
Per. Thou speakest like a Physition, *Hellicanus*
That ministers a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue the selfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
whereas thou knowst (against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to Subiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (harke in thine eare) as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smoothe: But thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants seeme to kisse,
which feare so grew in me I hither fled
Vnder the houering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares:
And should he thinke, as no doudt he doth,
That I should open to the listening ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloud were shed,
To keepe his bed of blackuesse vnlaid o,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fill this Land with armes,

And

And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprouedst me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my checkes,
Musing in my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stope there tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeue them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue giuen me leaue to speake,
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iustly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day serue not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. We'l mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence wee had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith, not aske thine oath,
who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue so rou d and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere conuince,
Thou shewest a subiects shine, I a true prince. *Exit.*

Euter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: it

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to aske what hee would of the King, desired hee might know none of his secrets. Now do I see hee had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man bee a villaine, hee is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Husht heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Euter Helicanus, Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my fellow-Peeres of *Tyre*, further to question me of your Kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with me, doth speake sufficiently, hee's gone to trauell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will bee satisfied, (why as it were vnlicenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue some light vnto you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*,

Hell. Royall *Antioch* (on what cause I know not) tooke some displeasure at him, at least he iudged so: and doubting that hee had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, hee would correct himselfe; so putts himselfe vnto the ship-mans toyle, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well I perceiue I shall not bee hanged now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings Seas must please: hee scapte the Land, to perish at the Sea: Ile present my selfe, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto Princely *Pericles*; but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord hath betooke himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, my message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reason to desire it, commended to our Master, not to vs; yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exunt.*

Enter

Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Dyoniza 1609

Cleon. My *Dionisia*, shall we rest vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne;

1609. 1619.

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils because they do aspire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher rise.

Dioniza 1609.

Cleon, O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes do sound deepe: to 1609.
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe me with teares,

Dion. Ile do my best Sir.

Tharsus 1609. 1619.

Cleon. This *Tharsus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches strewd her selfe euen in the streetes, her 1609.
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds,
And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by:
There tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All pouerty was scornd, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeat.

O tis too true 1609.

Dion. Oh tis true.

Cleon. But see what heauen can do by this our change:

These

These mouthes, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Weare all too little to content and please, Were 1609. 1619.
Although they gaue their creatures in abundance:
As houses are defiled for want of vse. 1609. 1619.
They are now staru'd for want of exercise;
These pallats, who not yet to sauers yonger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bred, and beg for it:
These mothers, who to nouzell vp their babes, Those 1609.
Thought nought too curious, are reddy now ready 1609. 1619.
To eate those little darlings whom they loued,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall dye to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping, 1609.
Heere many sticke, yet those that see them fall,
Haue scarse strength to giue them buriall. left 1609. 1619.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witnesse it.

Cleon O let those Citties that of plenties cup, 1609. 1619.
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teares, teares 1609. 1619.
The misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Where's 1609. 1619.

Lord. Wher's the Lord Gouernor?

Cleon. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thou bring'st in too 1609. 1619.
haste, for comfort is to farre for vs to expect.

Lord We haue descried vpon our neigbouring shore,
A portly sayle of ships make hither ward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One sorrow neuer comes but brings an heyre,
That may succeed as his inheritour:
And so in ours: some neighbouring Nation,
Taking aduantage of our misery,
That stuft the hollow vessels with there power, theirs 1609. 1619.
To beare vs downe, the which are downe already,
And make a conquest of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to ouercome. Lord

Lord. That's the least feare.
For by the semblance of their white flags dispaird, they bring vs
Peace, and come to vs as fauourours, not as foes.
Cleon. Thou speak'st like hymmes vnturter'd to repeat
Who makes the fairest shew, meanes most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we feare, the ground's the lowest,
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend
him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, &
what he craues.
Lord. I goe my Lord.
Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If warres we are vnable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gonernor, for so we heare you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
We haue heard your miseries as farre as *Tyre*.
And seene the desolation of your streetes,
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,
But to release them of their heauy load,
And these our ships you happily may thinke,
Are like the Troian horse, was stuft within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are stor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
Aud gine them life, whom hunger staru'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And wee'l pray for you.
Per. Arise I pray you, arise; wee doe not looke for reuerence,
but for loue and barborage for our selfe, our ships, and men.
Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children, or our selues,
The curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) shall nere be seene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

displaid 1609. 1619.
himnes 1609.
1609. 1619.
1609. 1619.
amaze 1609.
give
harborage

Per. Which welcome wee'l accept, feast here a while,
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here haue you seene a mighty King,
His child I wis to incestе bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will proue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity:
Ile shew you those in troubles raigne,
Losing a myte, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuersation,
To whom I giue my benizon,
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what need I speake speak?
1609. 1619.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter at one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Traine with them, Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knights him,
Exit Pericles at one doore Cleon at another.

Good *Hellican* that staid at home.
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his princes desire,
Sau'd one of all that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with sinne,
And had intent to murder him;
And this in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:

1609. 1619.
and 1609. 1619.
1609. 1619.
that Tharsis King. 1609. 1619.

He doing so, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's sildome ease,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) having all lost,
By waues, from coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapen'd but himselfe;
Till fortune tried with doing bad,
Threw him a shore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what shall be next.
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceasse your ire, your angry Stars of heauen
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rockes,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,
To haue bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three fishermen,

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you Master?
1. Looke how thou stirrest now.
Come away, or Ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poore men
That were cast away before vs, euen now.

1. Alasse

1. Alasse poore soules, it greeued my heart to heare
What pittifull cries they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarsely helpe our selues.
3. Nay Master, said not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they are halfe fish, halfe flesh:
a plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.
Master, I Maruell how the fishes liue in the Sea?
1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eat vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last deuoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such whales haue I heard on a'th land,
who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bels and all.
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Master, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue bene that day in the Belfrey.
2. Why man?
3. Because he should haue swallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept such a iangling of the bels,
That he would nauer haue left,
Till he cast Bels steeple, Church and Parish vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the land of these drones,
That rob the Bee of her hony.
Per. How from the fenny subiect of the sea,
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from there watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.
2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per.

Per. May see the sea hath cast vpon your coast.
2. What a drunken knaue was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.
Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde.
In that va ste tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vsde to beg.
1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Grece.*
Gets more with begging, then we can do with working.
2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?
Per. I neuer practiz'd it.
2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure; for heere's nothing
to be got now-adaies, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.
Per, What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on,
A man throngd vp wi h cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.
1. Die ke- tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come
put it on, keepe thee warme: now a fore me a handsome fellow:
Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l haue flesh for all day, fish
for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and
thou shalt be welcome.
Per. I thanke you sir.
2. Harke you my friend, You said you could not beg.
Per. I did but craue.
2. But craue? then Ile turue crauer too,
And so I shall scape whipping.
Per. why, are all your beggers whipt then?
2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were
whipt I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Ma-
ster, Ile go draw the net.
Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?
1. Hearke you sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.
1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles.*
And our, King, the good *Symonides.*
Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?
1. I sir, and he desernes so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernment.
Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His Subiects, the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?
1. Marry sir, halfe a daies iourney: and Ile tell you, hee hath a
faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are
Pirnces and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iust &
Turney for her loue.
Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.
1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man
cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men drawing vp a Net.

2, Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's fish hangs in the Net, like a
poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots
on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.
Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortnne, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me some what to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne, part of my heritage
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Prayse:
For that it saued me; keepe it in like necessity:
The Which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept Where I kept, I so dearely loued it.
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't againe
I thanke thee for t, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I hane here my fathers gift in's will.

What meane you sir?
Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraigns Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; til then rest your debter.
1. Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady?
Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes,
1. why take it and the gods giue thee good on't.
2. But hearke you my friend, t'was me that made vp this garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certaine condolements, certaine vailes; I hope sir, if you thriue, you'l remember from whence you had them.
Per. Beleeue it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.
Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a payre of Bases.
2. Wee'l sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.
Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my wil,
this day Ile rise, or else adde ill, to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?
1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and stay your comming
To present themselues.
King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter heere,
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties children whom Nature gat

For

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.
Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merites lesse
King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
A modell which heauen makes like it selfe.
As Iewels lost their glory, if neglected,
So Princes there renownes, if not Respected
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight in his deuice.
Thai. Which to preserue mine honour, Ile performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?
Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*
King. He loues you well, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?
Thai. A prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolcera kes per forsa*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?
Thai. The third of *Antioch*: and his deuice,
A wreathe of Chiualry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*
King. Which shewes that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thai. The fist, an hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tride:

The

The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

The sixt Knight.

King. And what's the sixt and last, the which the Knight himselfe with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

Thai. He seemes to bee a stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's only greene at top;
The Motto, *In hac spe vino.*

King. A pretty morrall; from the deiected state where in he is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward shew can any way speake in his iust commend: For by his rustie out-side, hee appeares to haue practised more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.

1609. 2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes to an honord triumph strangely furnished.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The out ward habite, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great shoutes, and all cry. The meaue Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from tilting.

King. Knights, to say you'r welcome were superfluous.
1609. 1619. I place vpon the volume of your deedes.
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
becomes 1609. Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast.
You are princes and my guests,
Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And Crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.
Per: Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.
King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it:

In

In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured scholler: come Queene of th'feast,
For (daughter so you are, here take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue his grace.
Knights. Wee are honoured much by good *Simonides.*
King. Your, present glads our dayes, honour we loue,
For who hates honour hates the God aboue.
Marsh. Sir yonder is your place:
Per. Some other is more fit.
1. *Knight.* Contend not sir for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes
Enuy the great, or doe the low despise.
You are right curteous Knights.
King. Sit, sit, sit,
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.
Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Mariage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauory,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant gentleman.
King. Hee's but a country gentleman, has done no more
Then other Knights haue done, has broke a staffe,
Or so; let it passe.
Thai. To me he seemed a Diomond to glasse.
Per. You King'sto me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes sat like stars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacy;
Where now his sonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darknesse, none in light:
Whereby I see that time's the King of men,
For hee's their parents and he is their graue,
And giues them what he will not what they craue.
King. what are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this royall presence?

King. Heere with a cup that's sturd vnto the brim,
As you do loue, fill to your Mistris lips,
We drinke his health to you.
Knight. We thanke your grace.
King. Yet pause a while; yon Knight sits too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court,
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you *Thaisa*?
Thai. What is't to me my father?
King. Attend my daughter,
Princes in this should liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giues to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his enterance more sweet,
Heere, say we drinke this standing boule of win to him.
Thai. Alasse my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a stranger Knight to bee so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens guifts for impudence.
King. How? do as I bid you or you'l moue me else.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.
King. And futhermore tell him, we desire to know of him.
Of whence he is, his name and parentage *She caries him the cup.*
Thai. The King my father (sir) hath drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.
Per. I thanke both him and you, and plege him freely. *He drinkes*
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and Parentage.
Per. A gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education being in Artes and armes:
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of *Tyre*, who onely by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft

Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.
King. Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come gentlemen, we sit to long on trifles,
And waste the time, which lookes for other reuels.
Euen in your armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers dance:
I will not haue excuse with saying that
Lowd musicke is too harsh for Ladies heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.

They dance.

So, this was well asked, t'was so well performde,
Come sir heerre's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their measures are excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are (my Lord.)
King. Oh thats as much as you would be denyed
Of your faire courtesie: vnclaspe, vnclaspe.

They dance.

Thankes gentlemen to all; all haue done well,
But you the best: Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings:
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.
Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talke of loue,
And thats the marke I know you leuell at:
Therefore each on betake him to his rest,
To morrow, all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellianus and Escanes.

Hell. No *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liued not free:
For which, the most high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to his haynous
Capitall offence; euen in the height and pride

Of

Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vpon those bodies euen to loathing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes addorn'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.
Escanes. It was very strange.
Hell. And yet by iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was so guard to barre heauens shaft.
By some had his reward.
Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.
2. *Lord.* It shall no longer greeue without reproofe.
3. *Lord* And curst be he that will not second it.
1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.
Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.
1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.
Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince your loue.
1. *Lord* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liues wee'l seeke him out:
If in his graue he rest, wee'l find him there,
And be resolu'd he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giues cause to mourne his funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.
2. *Lord,* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellican.*
Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas
Wher's howrely trouble for a minutes ease)
A twelue month longer, let me intreate you
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expired, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this loue,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in such search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you find, and win vnto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.
1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And since Lord *Hellican* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauor.
Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, and wee'l clasp hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands. *Exit.*

Enter the King reading of a letter, at one doore, and the Knights meete him.

1. *Knight,* Good morrow to the good *Simonides.*
King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue month, shee'l not vndertake
A married life; her reason to herselfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.
2 *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord)
King. Faith by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her chamber, that tis impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'l weare *Dianas* liuery;
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.
3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.
King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; she tels me heere,
Shee'l wed the stranger Knight.

Or

Or neuer more to view nor day nor light,
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be de'layed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, You are Musicks master.
Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse,
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.
King. Sir my daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well that you must be her master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoolemaster.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre.*
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so high to loue your daughter,
But bent all office to honour her.
King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought

Of mine leuy offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Traytor?
King. I traytor.
Per. Euen in his throate, vnlesse he be a King,
That cals me traitor, I returne the lye.
King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base descent:
I came vnto your Court for houours cause,
And not to be a rebell to our state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prooue hee's honours enemy.
King. No? here comes my daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why sir if you had who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea mistris, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile tame you, ile bring you in subiection. *Aside.*
Will you not hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know, *Aside.*
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in blood as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistris, eyther frame
Your will to mine; and you sir heare you,
Eyther be rul'd by me, or Ile make you——
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: being ioynd,

Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me sir.
Per. Euen as my life, or blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes if it please your maiesty.
King It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what hast you can, get you to bed.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower,

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the o're-fed beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast:
The Cat with eyne of Burning coale,
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter Pericles & Simonides at on doore with attendants, a Messenger meetes them, kneeles, & giues Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the letter, she reioyces: she and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the World together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from Tyre,

Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutany, he there hastes t'opresse,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice sixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the sum of this
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her desire,
Which who shall crosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurse shee takes,
And so to sea, then vessell shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe: the griefslee North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues,
So vp and downe the poore ship diues:
The lady shreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in trauile with her feare:
And what ensues in this selfe storme,
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the rest conuay,
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:

This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Exit Gower.

Enter Pericles on ſhipboord.

Per. The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou haſt
Vpon the Windes command, binde them in Braſſe
Hauing cald them from the deepe. O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Sea mans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Ludina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, may ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lych. Heere is nothing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How now *Lychorida*?
Lych. Patience good ſir, do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vſe honour with you.
Lych. Patience good ſir, euen for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy condition;
For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world,

That

That euer was Princes childe: happy what follows,
Thou haſt as chiding a Natiuity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harold thee from the womde:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canſt finde heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon it.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* what courage ſir? God ſaue you.
Per. Courage euough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the ſoue
Of this poore infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be qniet.
1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.
2 *Sayl.* But ſea-roome, and the brine and clowdy billow
kiſſe the Moone: I care not.
1 *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene muſt ouer board,
The ſea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lye till the ſhip be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your ſuperſtition.
1. Pardon vs ſir; this is a lye with vs at Sea it hath bin ſtill obſerued And we are ſtrong in eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.
Per. As you thinke meete, for ſhe muſt ore board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere ſhe lies ſir.
Per. A tirrible child-bed haſt thou had (my deare)
No light, to fire, the vnfriendly Elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarſely coffind, in oare,
Where for a Monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water moſt ore-whelme thy corps,
Lying with ſimple ſhels: O *Lychorida*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke and Paper,
My Casket and my Iewels, and bin *Nicander*

Bring

Bring me the Satin Coffin; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee: Meriner say what coast is this?
2. We are neere *Tharsus*.
Per. Thithar gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*, when canst thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the winde cease.
Per. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing: goe the wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant,

Cer. Philemon, hoe.

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my Lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meate for these poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and stormy night.
Ser. I haue beene in many; but such a night as this,
Till now I neare indured.
Cer, Your Master will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship,
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stirre so early?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea
Shooke as if the earth did quake:
The very principles did seeme to rend and all to topple,
Peur surprize and feare, made me to leaue the house,

2. *Gen.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cause wee trouble you so early.
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you say well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship
Hauing rich attire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golden slumber of repose: tis most strange
Nature should be so conuersant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endwomens greater, then Nobleness and Riches,
Careless heyres may the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God:
Tis knowne, I euer studied Physicke,
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I haue together with my practise made familiar
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwels
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her eures;
Which doth giue me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleasure vp in silken Bags,
To please the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent*, Your honour hath through *Ephesus*,
poured foorth your charity, and hudereds call themselues
Your Creatures; who by you haue beene restored,
And not your knowledge, your personall paine,
But euen your purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such strong renowne, as neuer shall decay.

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon or shoure
This Chest; tis of some wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.
Gent. Tis like a Coffin, sir.

Cer.

Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.
2. *Gent.* Tis so, my Lord.
Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?
Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetely in my sence.
2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.
Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! whats heere, a Corse?
2. *Gen.* Most strange.
Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land,
I King Pericles hath lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who findes her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King,
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charity.

If thou liueſt *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.
2. *Gent*, Most likely sir.
Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that, threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on nature many howres.
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits,
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered,
Enter one with Napkins and Fire.
Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The rough and wofull musicke that we haue,
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Viall once more; how thou stirrest thou blocke?
The musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre;
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not bene entranc'st aboue fiue houres,
See how she gins to blow into lifes flower againe.
1. *Gen* The heauens through you, encrese our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.
Cer. She is aliue, behold her eyelids,
Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appeare,
To make the world twice rich, liue, and make vs weepe,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be.
She meues.
Thai, O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What world is this?
2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?
1. *Gent.* Most rare.
Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her, get linnen;
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse
Is mortall: come, come, and *Esculapius* guide vs.
They carrie her away *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon Dionizia.
Per. Most honoud *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelue months are expirde, and *Tyre* stands
In a peace: you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulnesse, The Gods make vp the rest vpon you
Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you.
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on vs.
Dion. O your sweete Queene! that the strict fates had pleased
You had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.
Per. We connot but obey the powers aboue vs?

Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for she was borne at sea) I haue named so,
charge 1609. 1619. Heere I change your charity withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be mannerd as she is borne.
Cleon, Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne, for which,
still 1609. The peoples prayers daily fall vpon you, must in your childe
Reglection 1609. Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duty, but if to that,
My nature need a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation,
Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach mee toot without your vowes till she be married,
Maddam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
this heyre 1609. 1619. All vnsisterd shall his heyres of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:
Good Maddam, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing vp my childe.
Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my respect then yours my Lord.
Per. My thanks and prayers. ath' 1609
Grace ene 1609. *Cleon.* Wee'l bring your graces to the edge of the shore, then giue you vp to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest windes of heauen.
Per. I will embrace your offer come deerest Madame.
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke to your little Mistris, on whose grace you may depend heereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa.

Cer. Maddam, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Character?
Thai. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea, I well remember,
even on my learning time 1609. 1619. arning ti m e: but whether there deliuered, by the holy

holy Gods, I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall liuery will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.
Cler. Maddam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine,
Shall their attend you, there 1609. 1619.
Thai. My recompence is thanks, thats all,
Yet my good will is great, the gift small. though 1609. 1619. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and setled to his owne desire? 1609.
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*, 1619.
vnto *Diana* ther's a votarisse.
Now to Marina bend your minde,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Musickes letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes high both the art and place hie 1609. 1619.
Of generall wonder but alacke
That monster Enuy oft the wracke 1609. 1619.
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for marriage sight: this Maid
Hight Philoten; and it is said
For certaine in our story, she
Would euer with Marinar be, Marma
Beet when they weaude the sleeded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She sing, and made the night bed mute,

That still records within one, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Philoten* contents in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praises which are paide by debts,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might stand peerelesse by this slaughter,
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our Nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnbotne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poste on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I so conuay,
Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way.
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer shall be knowne, thou canst not do a thing in the world so soone, to yeeld thee so much profit, let not conscience which is but cold, in flaming thy loue bosome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue cast off, melt thee, but be a soldiour to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her,
Heere she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,

Thou

Thou art resolu'd?

Leon. I am resolu'd.

Enter Marina with a basket, of flowers.

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to strew thy greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Summer dayes do last, Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempest, when my mother dide: this world to me is like a lasting storme, me hurrying from my friends.

Dion. How now Marina? why de'ye weepe alone?
How chauce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not consume my blood with sorrowing,
You haue a nurse of me, Lord how your fauour's
Chang'd with this vuprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces aud sharpens the stomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your seruant.

Dion. Come, come, Ile loue the King your father, and your selfe, with more then forraine heart: wee euery day expect him heere, when hee shall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blasted. Hee will repent the breadth of his great voyage blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no care to your best course. Go I pray you, walke and be chierfull once againe; reserue that excellent complection, which did steale the eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I haue no desire to it.

Dion. Come come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an howre *Leonine*, at the least,
Rememer what I haue said.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my sweet Lady, for a while: pray walke softly, doe uot heate your blood; what, I must haue a care of you.

Mar

Mar. My thinks ſweet Madame-Is the winde Weſterly that blowes?

Leon. South. weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mer, My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did neuer feare, but cryed good ſea-men to the ſaylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neu er was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skipe from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to do my worke with haſte.

Mar Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing ceature beleeue mee now, I neuer kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you haue a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter Pirates,

Pirat 1. Hold vilaine.

Pirat 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her aboard ſodainely.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *valdes* and they haue ſeiſed *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope ſhee will returne: Ile ſwere ſhee's dead and throwne into the ſea but Ile ſee further, perhaps they will not pleaſe themſelues vppon her, not carry her aboard, if ſhee remaine,
Whom they haue rauiſht, must be ſlaine. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bands.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much money this mart, by being too wenchleſſe.

Band. We were neuer ſo much out of creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can do, and they with continuall action are as good as rotten,

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to be uſde in euery trade, wee ſhall neuer proſper.

Band. Thou ſaieſt true, tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtards, as I thinke I haue brought ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen and brought them downe againe,
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Band. What elſe man? the ſtuffe wee haue a ſtrong winde will blow it to pieces, they are ſo pittifull ſodden.

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, ther's two vnwholſome in conſcience, the poore *Thranſiluanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge

Boult. I ſhee quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſt-meate for

for wormes, but Ile go ſearch the market

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickeens were as prety a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Baud. Why. to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our yonths we could picke vp ſome pritty eſtate, t' where not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch'd; beſides, the ſore termes wee ſtand vpon with the gods, will be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

twere

Baud Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand As wel as we, I, and better too, we ſoffend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling: bnt here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgine?

Sayl. O ſir. we doubt not.

Boult. Maſt er, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee,
If you like her, ſo; if not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

Baud. Boult, ha's ſhe any qualities?

Boult. She has a goodface, ſpeakes well, and has excellent good clothes: thers no farther neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſd.

Baud. What's her price, *Boult.*

bared

Boult. I cannot be abated one doit of a thouſand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maſters, you ſhall haue your money preſently: wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhee has to do that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment,

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue moſt, ſhall haue her firſt. Such a maiden-head weare no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was ſo ſlacke, ſo flow:
He ſhould haue ſtrucke, not ſpoke;

Or

Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to ſeeke my mother.

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue done their parts in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Baud. You are delight into my hands, light
Where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to ſcape his hands,
Where I was like to die.

Baud. I, and you ſhall liue in pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede ſhall you, and taſte Gentlemen of all faſhions. You ſhall farewell; you ſhall haue the difference of all complexions: what, de'ye ſtop your eares? fare well

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you haue mee to bee, if I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honeſt woman, or not a woman,

Baud. Marry whip thee Goſling: I thinke I ſhall haue ſomething to doe with you. Come y'are a yong fooliſh ſapling, and muſt be bowed as I would haue ye.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Baud. If it pleaſe the Gods to defend you by men, then men muſt comfort you, men muſt feede you, men muſt ſtirre you vp: *Boults* return'd,

Enter Boult.

Now ſir, haſt thou cride her through the market?

Boult. I haue cried her almoſt to the number of her haires,
I haue drawne her picture with my voyce.

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Baud. I prethy tell mee how doeſt thou finde the inclination of the people, eſpecially of the yonger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtned to me, as they would haue hearkned to their fathers Teſtament. There was a Spaniardes mouth ſo watered, that he went to bed to her very deſcription.

Baud. We ſhall haue him heere to morrow with his beſt ruffe on.

Boult.

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowtes 'th hams?

Baud. Who, *Mounsier Verollu*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, make me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willinly, despice, profit where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, make pitty in your louers sildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinon a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. *Boult* spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we haue, you'l lose nothing by custome. When Nature framed this peece, she ment thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, & thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, stirs vp the lewdly inclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud. Come your waies, follow me.

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana aide my purpose.

Baud. What haue we to do with *Diana*? pray you goe with vs. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a peece of slaughter,
The sunne aud Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ile giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much lesse in blood then vertue, yet a Princesse to equall any single Crowne of the earth, in the iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him, it had beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his childe?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, nor euen to preserue, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it, vnlesse you pray the Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry out she dyde by foule pray.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods do like this worst.

Dionzia. Be one of those that thinkes the pretty wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a Noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who euer, but his approbation added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dionzia. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee did

did disdaine my childe, and stoode berwnee her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blorred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to detray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but for:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Lauguage, in each seuerall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of onr story *Pericles*,
Is now againe th'warting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues dlight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behnide,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes* whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high state.

well

Well sayling ships, and bounteous windes haue brought.
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dinozia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the toombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showrd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuet to wash his face, nor cut his haires
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares:
And yet he rides it out, Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere.
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tirus the Kings Daughter
On whom foule death hade made this slaughter:
Marina was she calld, and at her birth
That is being proud, swallowed some part ofth' earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares shee'l neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery:
let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead.
And beare his courses to be ordered

By

By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteere must play, steare
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday. daughters 1609
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke yon now are all in *Metaline.* *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No nor neuer ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent*, No no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit*

Entr the three Bauds

Band. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere came heere.

Baud. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhe is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must eyther get her rauiſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a puritane of the diuell, if hee ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her. come 1609. 1619.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'l disfurniſh vs of all our Caualeers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts,

Band. Now the poxe upon her greene ſicknesse for me.

Bane. Faith ther's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh daggedge would but giue ſtay to cuſtomers. bag way 1609. 1619.

Entter Lyſimachus

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginitiys?

Baud. Now the gods bleſſe your Houour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour io good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for you, that your reſorters ſtand vpon ſound legs, how now? wholeſome impunity haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the ſurgeon? iniquity 1609

Baud. We haue one heere ſir if ſhe would——
But there neuer came her like in *Metaline.*

Lyſ. If ſhee'd do the deede of darknes, thou wouldſt ſay. deeds 1609. 1619.

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and blood ſir, white and red, yon ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhee were a Roſe indeede, if ſhe had but——

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne of a baud, no leſſe then it giues a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Baud. Heere comes that which growes to the ſtalke,
Neuer pluct yet I can aſſure you. pluckt 1609. 1619.
Is ſhe not a faire creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerue after a long voyage at ſea,
Well, ther's for you, leaue vs.

Baud. I beſeech your honour giue me leaue a word,
And Ile haue done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. First, I would haue you note, this is an honorable man.

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him,

Band. Next, ihee's the gouernor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the Country, you are bound to him indeede, but how honorable he is in that I know not.

Band. Pray you without and more virginall fencing, will you vſe him kindly? he will line yonr Apron with gold. any

Mar. What he will doe graciouſly I will thankefully receiue.

Lyſ. Haue you done?

Band, My Lord, ſhee's not paſte yet, you muſt take ſo me paines to worke her to your mannage, come, we will leaue his Honour and her together. pacste

Exit Band, ^ goe thy wayes. 1609

Lyſ.

Li. Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. why, I cannot name but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you go too't ſo young, were you a gameſter at fiue, or at ſeauen?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Gouernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Li. Why your bearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and rootes of ſhame and iniquity. O you haue heard ſome-thing of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke frindly vpon thee; come bring me to ſome prinate place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thonght you worthy of it.

Li How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes haue bene ſolde deerer then Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that fli esi'th purer aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue ſpoke ſo well, I nere dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thon goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar.

hearbe 1609. 1619.

friendly

Mar. The good Gods perſerue you.

Li. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the verie doores and windowes ſauour vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath bin Noble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curſe vpon him, dye hee like a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodneſſe, if thou doſt heare from me, it ſhall be for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one peece for me.

Li. Auant thou damned dore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doth prop it, would ſinke and ouer-whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeuiſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breake-faſt in the cheapeſt Country vnder the coape, ſhall vndoe a whole houſehold, let me be geldeid leke a ſpaniell, come your waies.

Mar. Whither would you haue me?

Boult. I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the common hangman ſhall execute it, come your way, wee'l haue no more gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bauds

Baud. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe Miſtris, ſhe hath heere ſpokn holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus.*

Baud. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtinke before the face of the Gods.

Baud Marry hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a Nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as colde as a Snow-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Baud. Boult take her away, vſe her at thy pleaſure, cracke the glaſſe of her virginity, & make the reſt male-abſe,

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier peece of ground then ſhee is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you Gods.

Baud, She coniures, away with her, would ſhe had neuer come within

me be you thoughten, 1609

within my doores, Marry hang you, shee's borne to vndo vs, will you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastity, with rosemary and bayse. *Exit.*

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which the paine dst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cusherall that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you, where a man may serue 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty olde receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these waies are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could hee speake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would safely deliner me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many schollers,

Boult But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and prostitute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lyes little among them; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, ther's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, Ile do for thee what I can, come your waies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes, and chauces
Into an honest house, our stori esaies;
She sings like one immortall, and she dances
As Goddesse-like to her admired laies;
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That euen her art, sisters the naturall Roses,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry.
That puples lackes she none of noble race,
Who poure their bounty on her, and her gaine
She giues the cursed Baud. Leaue we her place,
And to her father turnd our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at sea tumbled and tost,
And driuen before the winde, he is ariude
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the Citty striude
God *Neptune* annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lycimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners sable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with feruour hies
In your supposing, once more put your sight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and harke. *Exit*

Enter Hellicanus with two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can resolue you. O here he is Sir, there is the Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernor, who craues to come aboard, what is your will?

Hell. That he haue his call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlememen, my Lord call.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call;

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth wold come aboard, I pray greet them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolue you.

Lys. Haile reuerent sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well; being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Gouernor of this place, you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be to tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloued daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him this was a goodly person, till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well be thought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended part, which now are mid-way

stopt, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leuie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing wee'l omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht this farre, let vs beseech you, that for our gould we may haue prouision, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most iust God for euery graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee entretate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am preuented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O heere's the Lady that I sent for.
welcome faire one: Ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde,
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stocke,
Ide wish no better choise, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire and all goodnesse that consists in beauty,
Expect euen heere, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will vse my vttermost skill in his recouery, prouided, that none but I and my companion maide bee suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous.

The Song.

Lys. Markt he your musicke?

Mar. No, not lookt on vs.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before inuited eies, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: shee speakes my Lord, that

may be, hath endured a griefe might equal yours, if both were iustly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors, who stood equiuolent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward casualties, bound me in seruitude, I wil desist but there is something glowes vpon my cheek, and whispers in mine eare, Goe not till he speake,

Per, My fortunes parentage, good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I saide, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eye vpon me, ye'are like some-thing that, what Country-women heare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shews, yet I was mortally brought foorth and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shalbe deliuered weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter might haue beene: my Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wand-like straite, as siluer voyc'd, her eyes as iewell-like and cast as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who statues the eares shee feedes and makes them hungry, the more she giues them speech; where do you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger from the decke, you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history it would seeme like lies disdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsenesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, and thou seemst a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeue thee, and make my senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookst like one I loued indeed; what were thy friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou camst from good discent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to iniury, and that thou thoughts thy griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story, if thine considered prooue the thousand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a gyrle, yet thou dost look like patience, gaxing on Kings graues, and smiling extreamity out of acte, what were thy friends? how lost thou thy name my most kinde virgin? recount I do beseech thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*,

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good sir, or heere ile cease.

Per Nay Ile be patient, thou little knowst how thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen me by one that had same power, my father aud a King,

Per. How, a kings daughter and cald *Marina*,

Mar. You said you would beleeue me, but not to be a trouble of your peace I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulse, and no Fairy?
Motion will speake on, where were you borne:
And wherefore call *Marina*:

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea who! was thy mother:

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king, who dyed the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lychorida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull sleepe did mocke sad foole with all,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were yon bred:
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your story, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeue me twere best I did giue ore.

Per. I will beleeue you by the fillable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murder me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to Metaline.
But good sir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the
daughter of King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not but here's the regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. she neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue me a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me ore-beare the shore of my mortality, and drowne me with their sweetnesse. Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellcanus*,
Downe on my knees, thanke the holy god as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was my mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirmd enough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my childe.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should haue bene by sauage *Cleon*, shee shall tell the all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes who is this?

Hell. Sir tis the Gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you giue me my robes;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh heauen blesse my girle.
But hearke, what Musicks this *Hellicanus*, my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter, but wher's this Musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None, the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Most heauenly musicke
It nips me vnto listening, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust beliefe, ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dian. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thether, and doe vpon mine Altar sacrifice. There when my maiden priests are met together, before all the people reueale how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosse with thy daughters call, and giue them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe, doo't, and happy by my siluer bow, awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiail *Dian* Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

Hell. Sir.

Per.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sailes,
Eftsoones Ile tell why, shall we refresh vs sir vpon your shore,
and giue you gold for such prouision as our intents will neede.
Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.
Per. You shall preuaile, were it to woe my daughter, for it
seemes you haue beene noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.
Per. Come my *Marina.* *Exeunt.*

woo
1609. 1619.

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue me,
For such kindnesse must releeue me:
That you aptly will suppose.
What pageantry, what feates, what shewes,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metaline*,
To greete the King; so he thriued,
That he is promised to be wiued
To faire Marina, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrafice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenesse sailes are fild,
And wishes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his company,
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

1609. 1619.

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust command,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaisa*, at sea in child bed died she, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddesse weares yet thy
siluer liuery, she at *Thasus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at foure-
teene yeares he sought to murder, but her better stars brought
her to *Metaline*, gainst whose shore riding, her fortunes brought
the maid aboord to vs where by her owne most cleare remem-
brance, she made known her selfe my daughter.

Marina, Tharsus

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles*.
Pe. What means the woman? she dyes, helpe Gentlemen.
Cer. Sir if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.
Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boord with-
these very armes.
Cer. Vpon this Coast, I warrant you.
Per. Tis most certaine.
* *Cer.* Looke to the Lady; O shee's but ouerioyde,
Earely in blustring morne, this Lady was throwne vpon this
shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich iewels, recouered
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

ope'd
1609.

Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, whe-
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaisa* is recouered.
Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my sanctity will
to my sence bend no licencious eare, but curb it spight of seeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you speake, like him
you are: did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead *Thaisa*.
Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.
Per. Immortall *Dian*!
Thai. Now I Know you better, when wee with teares parted
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you such a ring.
Per. This no more, you Gods, your present kindnesse makes
my past miseries sport, you shall do well that on the touching of
her lips I may melt, and no more be seene; O come, be buried a
second time within these armes.
Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.
Per. Looke who kneeles heere, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy
burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.
Thai. Blest, and mine owne.

Hell. Haile Madam, and my Queene.

Thai. I know younot.

Per. You haue heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitude; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him oft.

Thai. Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deare Thaisa, this is hee, now do I long to heare how you were found? how possibly preserned? and who to thanke (besides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* my Lord, this man through whom the Gods shewne their power that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir, the Gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how his dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me vnto my house. where shall be shewne you all was found with her; how she came plac'st heere in the temple, no needfull thing ommitted.

Per. Puer Dian blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee; Thaisa this Prince, the faire bethrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at Pentapolis, and now this ornament that makes me looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeares no razor touch to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a star of him, yet there my Queene, weele celebrate their Nuptiall, and our selues will in that Kingdome spend our followiug dayes; our sonn and daughter shall in *Tyrus*

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir, leads the way.

Exeunt omnes.

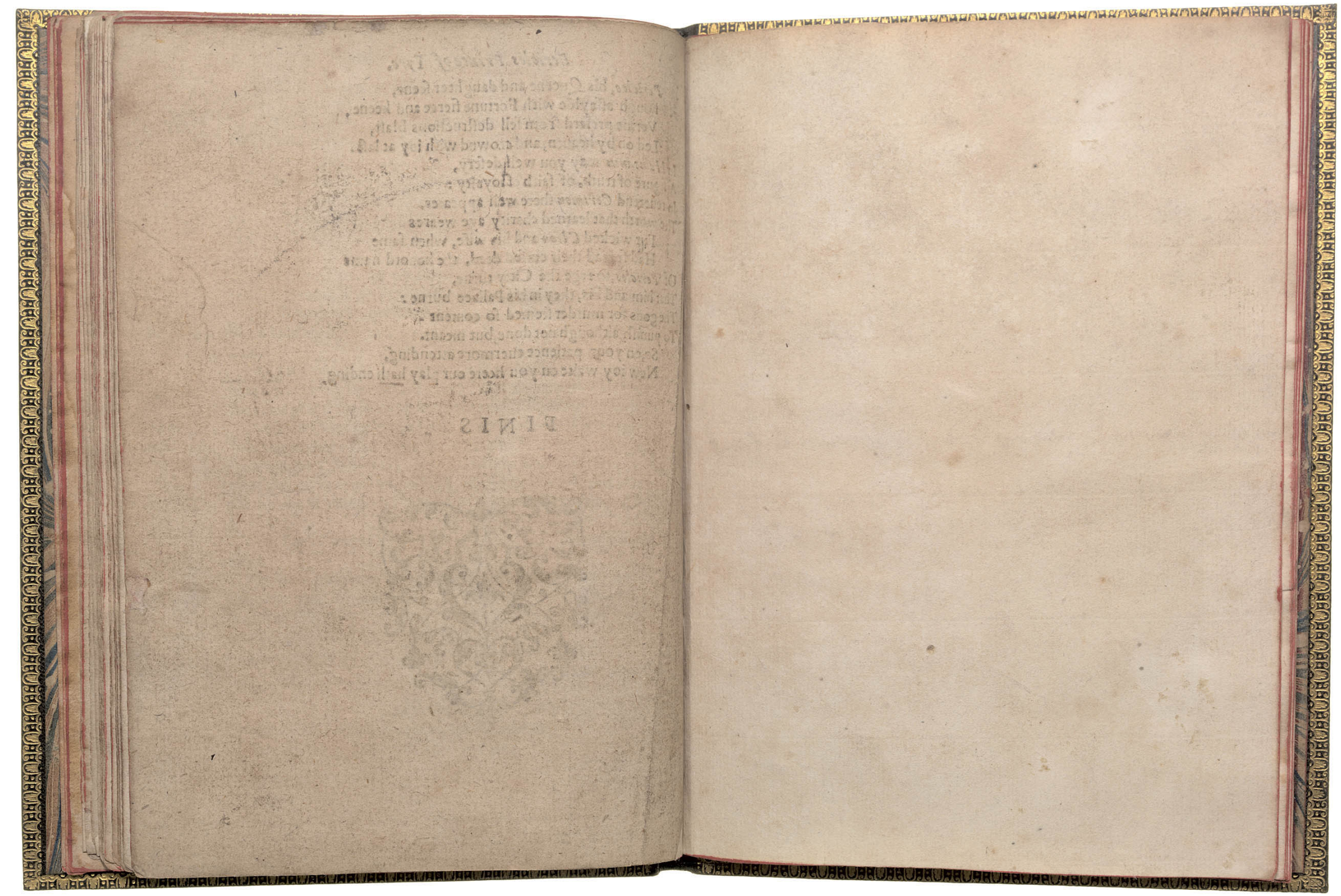
Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and Iust reward:

In

In *Pericles*, his Queene and daughter seene,
Although assaylde with Fortune fierce and keene,
Vertue preserd from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heauen, and crownd with ioy at last.
In *Hellicanus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charity aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honord name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty turne,
That him and his, they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seemed so content,
To punish although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience euermore attending,
New ioy waite on you, heere our play hath ending.

FINIS



Well sayling ships, and bounteous, windes haue brought.
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dinozia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles, the toombe, whereat Pericles make lvmention, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mightty passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showrd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuet to wash his face, nor cut his haire,
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares:
And yet he rides it out, Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere.
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tirus the Kings Daughter
On whom foule death hade made this slaughter:
Marina was she calld, and at her birth
That is being proud, swallowed some part ofth' earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heaneas bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares shee'l neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead.
And beare his courses to be ordered

Li. Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. why, I cannot name but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profeſſion?

Mar Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you go too't ſo young, were you a gameſter at fiue or at ſeauen?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to he a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Gouernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Li. Why your bearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and rootes of ſhame and iniquity. O you haue heard ſome-thing of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee, thee, or ey looke ſrindly vpon thee; come bring me to ſome prinate place come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put vpon you, make the iugement good, that thonght you worthy of it

Li How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes haue bene ſolde deerer then Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue ſpoke ſo well, I nere dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thon goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee

Mar.

Mar. The good Gods perſerue you.

Li. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the verie doores and windowes ſauour vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath bin Noble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curſe vpon him, dye hee like a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodneſſe, if thou doſt heare from me, it ſhall be for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one peece for me.

Li. Auant thou damned dore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doth prop it, would ſinke and ouer-whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeuiſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breake-faſt in the cheapeſt Country vnder the coape, ſhall vndoe a whole houſe hold, let me be geldeid leke a ſpaniell, come your waies

Mar. Whither would you hane me?

Boult. I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the common hangman ſhall execute it, come your way, wee'l haue no more gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bands

Band. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe Miſtris, ſhe hath heere ſpokn holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus.*

Band. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſon as it were to ſtinke before the face of the Gods

Baud. Marry hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a Nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as colde as a Snow-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Band.. Boult take her away vſe her at thy pleaſure, cracke the glaſſe of her virginity, & make the reſt male-able.

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier peece of ground then ſhee is ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

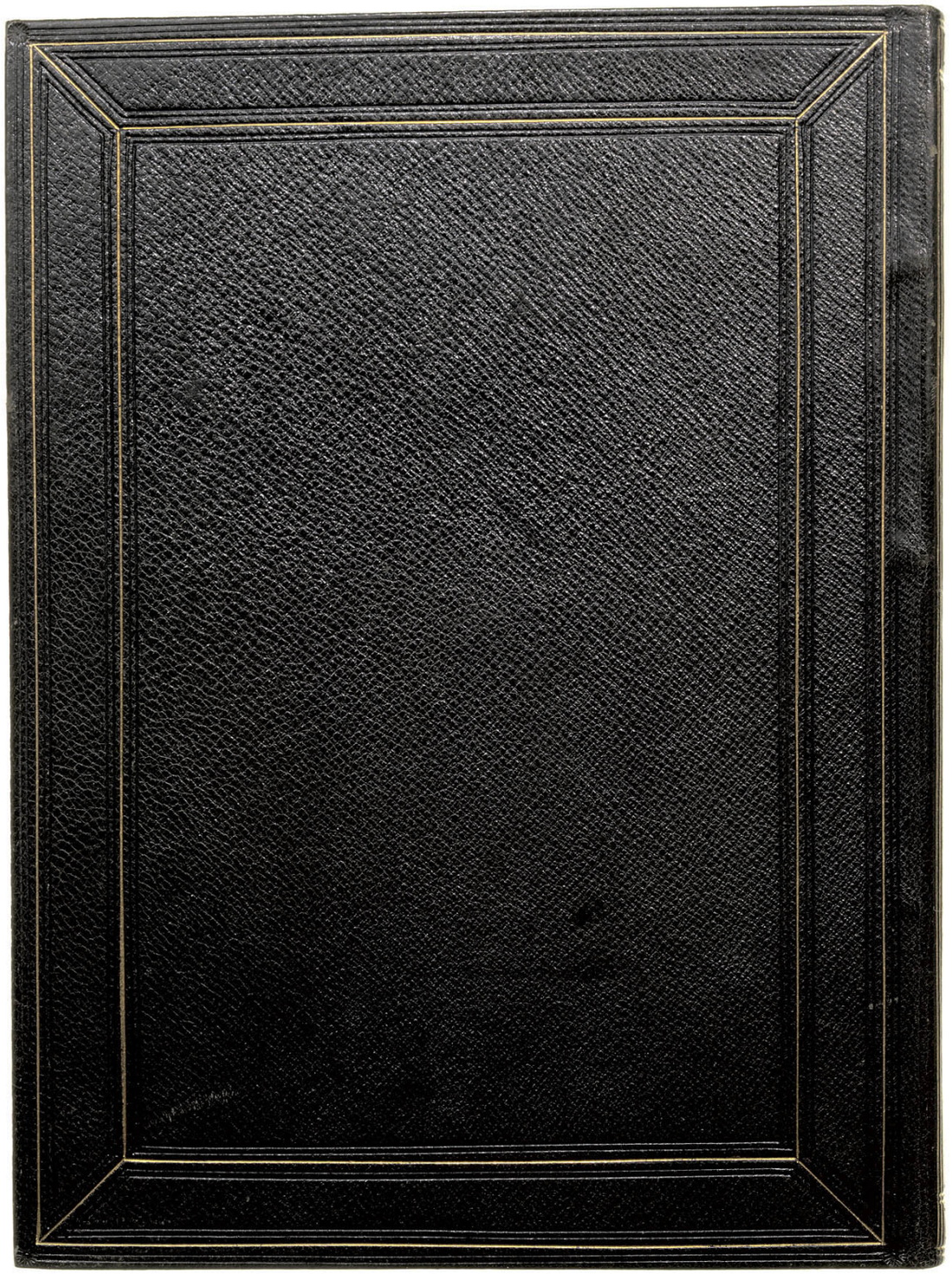
Mar. Harke, harke, you Gods.

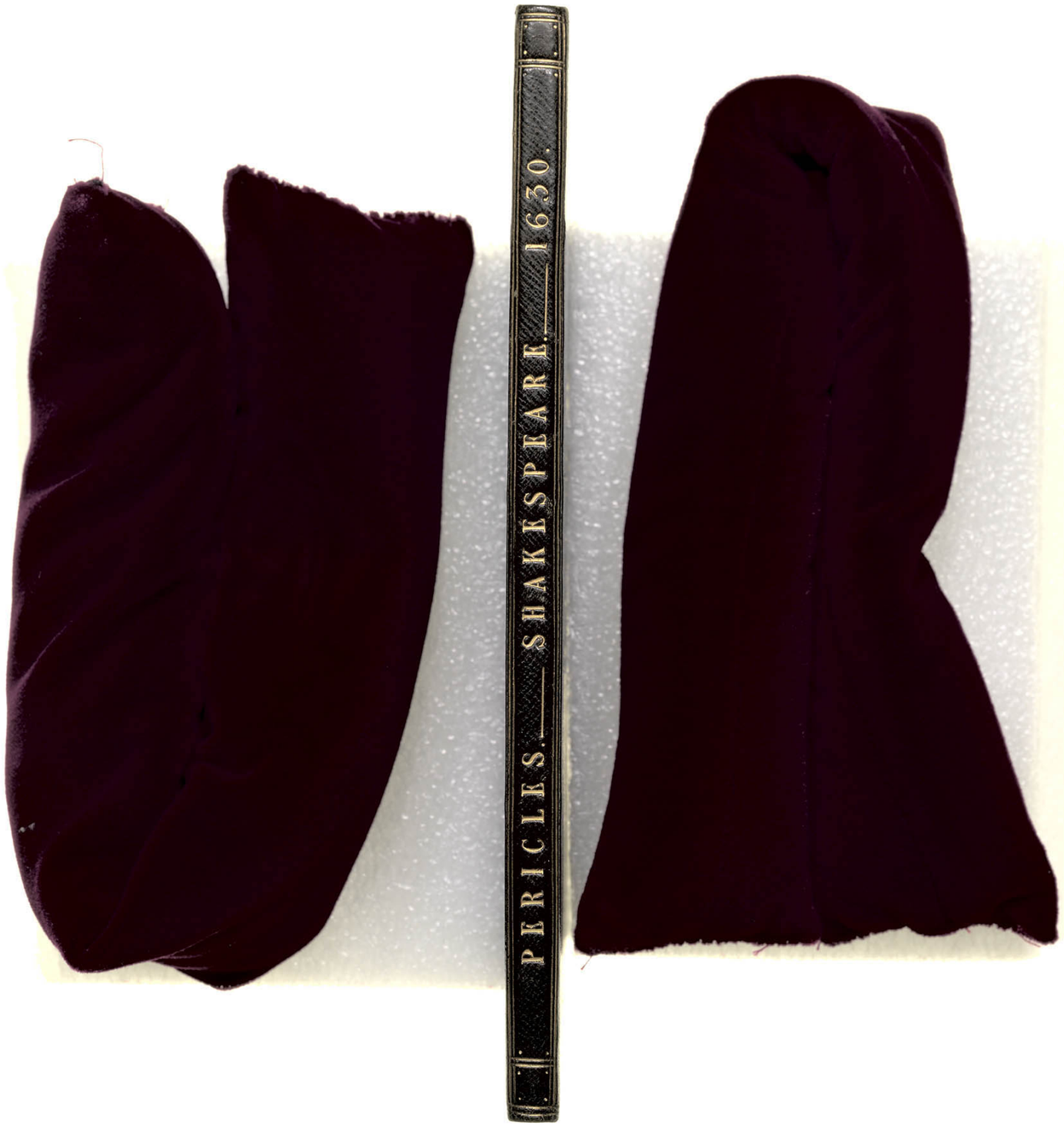
Band. She coniures, away with her, would ſhe had neuer come within

C. and P. – Peculiarities collated.
J. O. H.

Sig. E. 2 wrongly marked D. 2.
Sig. E. 3. l. 10. endwomens.
Sig. E. 3. l. 4 from bottom. vP.
Sig. I. l. 1. Marnia.
Sig. I. 2. l. 2. hough.

V-V-S




SHAKESPEARE.
1630.
PERICLES.